









other business. It is primarily necessary for the present congress to consider and pass bills making appropriations for the expenditure of the govern-



# The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.  
THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1894.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

## POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The following from an Indiana paper is replete with meaning. Congress gone, State gone, County gone, Town gone, Township gone, Courthouse gone, All gone, Dogon.

Michigan will be represented in the next Congress by five members who were in the service during the rebellion.

Owing to the hard time receipts from stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards fell off over \$2,000,000 during the year.

Secretary Morton is the last man to undertake the impossible contract of proving to the American farmer that his best market is in Europe.

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder**  
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

The democrat who can extract a ny satisfaction from the foreign relations of this government, as set forth in Mr. Cleveland's message, is an envious individual.

The *Alpena Pioneer*, last week, gave an extended article favoring Judge Kelly for the position to be filled on the Supreme Bench. Should he be nominated, the 10th district would give him strong support, and his acknowledged ability is such as would assure the republicans of Michigan that he would honor the place.

Secretary Hoke Smith, in his report shows his humanity by standing up for the Indian. But it is noticeable that he has never made any such promises to the veteran Union soldier.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The republican Senators are on general principles right in refusing to allow any further tariff tinkering, but it would be both good politics and good business to pass the free sugar bill and knock out the sugar trust.

Lots of trouble would be avoided if some people would remember that the editor who retracts through fear of personal chastisement is a rare animal. So rare that many who have spent a life time hunting for them have never seen one.

For a man with a very large beard and a very small following, Senator Peffer has a great penchant to investigate something or some body. If he would investigate the tender thread he has to office he would be willing to immerse himself in his whiskers and keep quiet for one day at least.—*Kansas City Times*.

The Democratic conspiracy to steal the governorship of Tennessee away from the Republicans, whose candidate was fairly elected, was too wicked for even the chairman of the Democratic state executive committee to endorse and he has put his foot down on it hard. Let his praises be sung. The rift in the dark cloud of southern politics is getting riftier.—*Det. Journal*.

"The Atlanta Journal" in referring to a registration bill lately passed by the legislature of Georgia, says: the registration bill which passed the House of Representatives yesterday by a big majority is a long step in the direction of honest elections.

It is useless to disguise the fact that we have had many elections in Georgia which were a travesty upon popular Government. These abuses exist in other States, and in some of them to a greater degree than in Georgia, but that does not excuse our fault. We want absolutely fair elections in Georgia, and the bill which has passed the House is the first thing necessary to secure them."

## Cheerful Winter Evenings.

Nothing brings so much joy and genuine satisfaction to the festive as a genial visitor—one that you heartily welcome and are always glad to see. The latest thing is always out for The Prairie Farmer, for it always brings a big weekly budget for the entertainment and instruction of every member of the family. It has this year nearly 500,000 readers and admirers. It is brighter than ever with a host of new writers. Prof. G. E. Morrow, is special staff writer. He is a very powerful writer on all agricultural and live stock topics, and his letters will be looked to with much interest.

Mr. C. P. Goodrich handles the Dairy in the best possible manner, and he speaks, too, from a life's experience. Waldo Brown, F. B. Mumford, Prof. Thomas Shaw, are among the noted contributors to the Live Stock department. Joseph Melhorn and John Wragg are among the more noted writers of Horticultural matters. Chas. Dodson, the best American authority on bees, writes especially for The Prairie Farmer. The House-hold department is complete, and the young people are not forgotten. The Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers, will be worth more than a year's subscription. \$1.00 gets you the year's paper, and the Christmas numbers.

"The Simple Story of How to build a dynamo at home" is the title of a serial which will commence in the Detroit Electrical Student of Dec. 22nd. It tells in language a child can understand how a dynamo and battery which will run the sewing machine can be built by a boy. Give the boys a chance. Electricity will be the biggest bread winner of the 20th century. Perhaps your boy, if he gets a start, will make it his life work. The Student is a crisp little weekly for amateur students in electricity. One dollar a year. Detroit Electrical Student, 33 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No elaborate argument is needed to show that the fall in manufactured products during the panic year was mainly due to the well founded expectation of the great decline which the change of tariff would produce. This is evident because the decline in bread-stuffs, meats and dairy and garden products was so insignificant. But after expectations of a change of tariff had closed thousands of mills and factories and mines, and had reduced the wages of millions of workers, then the effects as to prices of farm products were far more severe than during the year of panic. At the same time the further decline in prices of manufactured products, which had been anticipated, actually came and there has been as yet no recovery of consequences in any department.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

If the mourners and groaners over the payment of pensions will be a little patient "the grim messenger" will arrange it to their satisfaction. Death is rapidly claiming the grizzled old veterans who saved the Union. Ten years from this fully one-half of them will be in their graves, and the rescued land will be in the hands of a population free from what they now deary as a greivous load to carry. History repeats itself. The sacred record tells that "the time came when men arose who knew not Joseph." This time has speedily come when American men have forgotten the saviors of the Republic—Forgotten the pledges made to them and the dear ones they left in the home as they went out to battle for their flag. And yet this is but partially true. There are millions of loyal people yet in the land who have only love and honor for the old veterans and a deep sense of gratitude for what they did, and will see to it that their declining years are peaceful and happy. Let the growlers continue to growl. They are to a man descendants of the men who were not in it.—*Inter-Ocean*.

The bulletin issued from the census office covering statistics of Michigan manufactures shows that Michigan is far ahead of any state in the Union in lumber and other mill products from logs or bolts. The product was more than one third greater than that of the next highest state, Wisconsin; and more than three times greater than any other state except Wisconsin. There were 1,918 establishments reporting with a capital of \$111,000,000, employing 47,000 men at \$15,000,000 a year. The value of the product is given at \$78,404,806, but this does not include custom sawed lumber, and other items. I. M. Weston says that the census bureau admits the defective character of its lumber figures and informed him during the World's Fair that Michigan product was hardly less than \$1,000,000,000 a year. Michigan also leads in timber products not manufactured at the mill, her total products being over \$9,000,000, and nearly one-third of the total of the United States. We are second only to New York in ship building. There are sixty-two establishments, with a capital of \$2,500,000, employing 2,284 men, and producing vessels valued at \$4,710,180.

## "Born" Humorists.

One characteristic peculiar to all humorists is that they will tell you "Humorists are born, not made"; the exceptions being so rare as to be phenomenal. By the way, can any student of human nature tell why it is that so few women are professional humorists? Among a score of splendid half-tone portraits of our most noted American humorists, accompanying "Off-hand Chats with Professional Humorists," published in *Demoerest's Magazine* for December, not one is a woman! This is, indeed, a rare Christmas number. The first picture is a charming water color by Mand Humphreys, "Under the Mistletoe," which is unique in conception; the full-page gravure, "Madonna and Child," by a modern artist, is a gem; and there are over two hundred illustrations besides these. "Christmas Chimes," an illustrated poem, "Always With Us," an account of Christmas charities in New York, "Boy Choirs," "The Common Sense of Christmas Gifts," "Lullaby, the Frost Queen," a Christmas story for children, "His Christmas Gift," "Holiday Work for Busy Fingers," and "Some Christmas Menus" furnish Christmas cheer and suggestions galore for every body. Then there are other charming stories, and every one of the numerous departments is full to overflowing with good things. Either letterpress or illustrations, independent of each other, is more than worth the price of the magazine, which is only 20 cents. The subscription price is \$2 a year. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

**Literary Note**  
The relation which prize bears to quality in literature is made obscure by the Christmas COSMOPOLITAN. Stories by Rudyard Kipling, Wm. Dean Howells, Mrs. Spencer Trask, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Alton W. Tourgee, are interspersed with poetry by Sir Edwin Arnold, Edmund Clarence Steadman, and James Whitcomb Riley, while through the number are scattered illustrations by such famous artists as Remington, Toche, Reinhardt, Turner Van Schaick, Gibson, and Stevens. A series of portraits of beautiful women of society illustrate an article on "The Relation of Photography to Art," a travel article by Napoleon Aray, grandson of the famous Field Marshal; one of the series of Great Passions of History, to which Froude and Gosse have already contributed, and half a dozen others equally interesting, go to make up the attractions of the number. THE COSMOPOLITAN people say: "We might charge you more for this number, but, in all frankness, could we give you better material, better illustrated, if we charge you a dollar a copy?"

## Senatorial Canvass.

The Senatorial Canvass for the 28th Senatorial District, for State Senator in the Legislature for the State of Michigan. Statement of votes given in the 28th Senatorial District, for State Senator in the State Legislature, for the 28th Senatorial District, at the General Election, held in said District, on Tuesday, the 6th day of November, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety Four. The whole number of votes given for the office of State Senator in said District was, Nine Thousand Three Hundred and Seven votes, [9,307] and they were given for the following persons viz: George A. Prescott received Six Thousand One Hundred and Fifty Five Votes, [6,155]. And William J. Morey, received Three Thousand One Hundred and Fifty Two Votes, [3,152]. Total Nine Thousand Three Hundred and Seven Votes, [9,307]. State of Michigan, County of Iosco, We do hereby certify that the foregoing is a correct statement of the votes given in the 28th Senatorial District, for the State of Michigan, for State Senator to the Legislature of the State of Michigan, at the General Election, held in said District, on the 6th day of November, A. D., 1894. Dated at Tawas City, this 4th day of December, A. D., 1894.

JOHN H. RICHMOND, Chairman of the Board of District Canvassers. ADOLPHUS F. ZEITER, Secretary of the State Board of District Canvassers. The following resolution was adopted by a full vote, of said Board of District Canvassers. Resolved, That we, the said Board of District Canvassers, of the 28th Senatorial District, of the said State of Michigan, do hereby certify and determine that the following named person was by the greatest number of votes duly elected to the office of State Senator of the 28th Senatorial District, at the general election held in said Senatorial District, on the 6th day of November, A. D., 1894. We determine that George A. Prescott was duly elected to the office of Senator, in the State Legislature of the State of Michigan, which motion and resolution prevailed.

JOHN H. RICHMOND, Chairman of the Board of District Canvassers. ADOLPH F. ZEITER, Secretary of the Board of District Canvassers. Dated at Tawas City this 4th day of December, A. D., 1894.

A certain mysterious Dr. Izard is about taking his place in the world of fiction. Readers of the ORANGE JUDD FARMER are to make his acquaintance, in a serial story by Anna Katherine Green, which opens in the issues of November 24th in a manner to excite the reader's curiosity to the highest pitch and bring back the days of "The Leavenworth Case." The ORANGE JUDD FARMER is published weekly, at \$1 a year, at the Pontiac Building, Chicago, Ill. New subscribers for 1895 will receive the paper free to January 1st, beginning with the issue of November 24th, in which the story opens.

J. B. Lewis Co., Boston are now making extensions in their factory at Avon, Mass., so that they can take care of their largely increased business. Last season they were obliged to decline some orders in justice to their customers. This speaks very loudly the praises of this concern, and while other manufacturers were closed they were running overtime. The Boot and Shoe Reporting Co.'s statistics show this firm to be doing the largest volume of business of any manufacturer selling to the retail trade from Boston, which is the heart of the boot and shoe industry of the country. This means, in these days of competition, that up to date styles, of courteous treatment, and price lower than others care to offer, makes success.



### The Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

**A FULL-GROWN MAN.** It has stood the test of public opinion for 21 years, progressing and growing in strength year by year, admired by publishers and all people for its fearless, manly attitude on all public questions, and for its intrinsic merit as a great newspaper.

**Stands Head and Shoulders Above all Others.**

THE EVENING NEWS, DETROIT.

2 CENTS PER COPY.  
10 CENTS A WEEK.  
\$1.25 FOR 3 MONTHS BY MAIL.

Agencies in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

**A Rare Chance to Get a Semi-Weekly Paper.**  
Arrangements have been completed whereby we can furnish the DETROIT SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL and the AVALANCHE to one address at \$1.60 per year for both papers. All our old subscribers paying in advance can have the benefit of this offer which we will hold open until Jan. 1st. Now is the time to subscribe. The Journal is straight and reliably republican and all our subscribers should take advantage of this offer.

It is interesting to observe that the tin plate industry born of the McKinley tariff is making fair progress in the United States. For the quarter ending March 31st, last the total production of tin andterne plates in all forms was 40,423,300 pounds and for the quarter ending June 30th, 48,374,189 pounds. Seventy-two per cent was made from sheets rolled in this country. Forty manufacturers reported for the last quarter against thirty-six for the former. This shows a very satisfactory rate of increase in production and gives assurance that before many years we shall be quite independent of Wales for our supply of tin plate. Our enormous canning industry will be profited thereby, as we shall make it of a better quality and for a less price than the imported article.—*N. Y. Advertiser*.

Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad.  
Land seekers' excursion December 4th, 1894. On above date this company will sell round-trip land seekers' tickets from Toledo, O., at one first class limited fare for the round trip to points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. For rates and information apply to D. B. Tracy, N. P. A., 109 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, or D. G. Edwards, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Horace Greeley was right when he said: "It is strange how close men read the papers. We never say anything that men don't like but we soon hear of it, and everybody tells us about it. If, however, we happen to say a good thing, we never hear of it—nobody seems to notice it. We may pay some man a hundred compliments and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it as a tribute to his greatness—never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say anything that he doesn't like, or something that he imagines is a reflection on his character, see how quickly he flares up and gets excited about it. All our evils are charged to us, but we never, apparently, get any credit for what good we do."

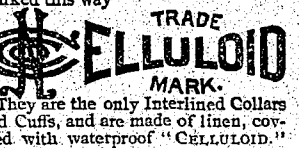
**Cure for Headache.**  
As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure, and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tonic to the bowels, and few ever long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at L. Fournier's Drug Store. 2.

**Discovery Saved His Life.**  
Mr. G. Gallouette, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or home without it. Get a free trial bottle, at L. Fournier's Drug Store. 2

The republican press of the state and country may fairly claim credit for the overturn of the 6th instant. The democrats called us "calamity howlers" and belittled our efforts, but the voter read and believed and the vote showed the effect of the constant reiteration of the charges of democratic incompetency and democratic meddling. The charges were true, or they would have had no effect, but that does not detract from the credit due the press; it rather enhances it. The day of the "orator" is over, and that of the newspaper is at its meridian; the lesson is this—support the local party press—it is the "sword of Gideon" and the "shield of Achilles" of the grand old party, as it has long been admitted to be the palladium of the liberty and rights of the people. mind, too, that it is the "local press" that has done it.—*Union Post*.

The man who supposes that this country will ever adopt the single gold standard is quite as badly mistaken as he who thinks we shall adopt the single silver standard. It is the conservatives, not the extremists, who usually control legislation in this country, and the conservatives will not agree to a single standard.

The Milwaukee Sentinel published a practical tariff lesson given a free trade democrat during the recent political campaign. An evening or so preceding election Eugene Elliott, of Milwaukee, was delivering a Republican speech at Oconomowoc and in illustrating the evil effect of a Democratic attack on a protective tariff briefly referred to the fact that Aaron Blanchard, a stock-buyer, had recently purchased a flock of 239 sheep for \$190. A Democratic farmer disputed the assertion, and said it was only made for political effect. Mr. Blanchard affirmed the transaction as bonafide and offered if the farmer would pay him \$20 he would deliver him the sheep the next afternoon for \$200, an advance of \$10 over the price he had paid for them. The sheep arrived on time and were held for several hours after the time they were to be delivered, but Mr. Farmer did not put in his appearance and that night he shipped them. The farmer brought suit to recover his \$20 and got left and had to pay the costs of the suit.—*Cheboygan Tribune*.



Did you ever see one of the famous waterproof Interlined Collars or Cuffs? It's very easy to tell, for they are all marked this way

**TRADE MARK**  
**ELLULOID**  
MARK.

These are the only Interlined Collars and Cuffs, and are made of linen, covered with waterproof "ELLULOID." They'll stand right by you day in and day out, and they are all marked this way

**TRADE MARK**  
**ELLULOID**  
MARK.

The first cost is the only cost, for they keep clean a long time, and when soiled you can clean them in a minute by simply wiping off with a wet cloth—that is the kind mark this way

**TRADE MARK**  
**ELLULOID**  
MARK.

These collars and cuffs will outlast six linen ones. The wearer escapes laundry trials and laundry bills—no chafed neck and no wilting down if you get a collar marked this way

**TRADE MARK**  
**ELLULOID**  
MARK.

Ask your dealer first, and take nothing that has not above trade mark, if you desire perfect satisfaction. All others are imitations absolutely.

If you can't find collars or cuffs marked this way, we will send you a sample postpaid on receipt of price. Collars, 25 cts each. Cuffs, 50 cts pair. Give your size and say whether stand-up or turned-down collar is wanted.

**THE CELLULOID COMPANY,**  
427-29 Broadway, NEW YORK.

**DON'T MISS THE GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE**  
**OF**  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**LADIES' and GENTS'**  
**Furnishing Goods, and Rubbers.**  
**R. MEYER & CO.,**  
**Price Wreckers.**  
**P. S. See Hand Bills for Price Quotations.**

# DIME DEALS!

We have reduced the price of the following Canned Goods, to

**ONE DIME A TIN,**  
**TEN TINS FOR A DOLLAR.**

Now is the Time to Buy a Supply for the Winter.

|                      |           |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Yellow Peaches,      | 10 Cents. |
| Diamond Tomatoes     | 10 "      |
| Evergreen Corn,      | 10 "      |
| String Beans,        | 10 "      |
| Lima Beans,          | 10 "      |
| Marrowfat Peas,      | 10 "      |
| Red Cherries,        | 10 "      |
| Strawberries,        | 10 "      |
| Alaska Salmon,       | 10 "      |
| Sardines in Mustard, | 10 "      |
| Blue-back Mackerel,  | 10 "      |
| Dried Beef,          | 10 "      |
| Pickles, fancy,      | 10 "      |
| Catsup,              | 10 "      |
| Horse Radish,        | 10 "      |
| Olives,              | 10 "      |

The price of Apples is advancing, but we are yet selling

No. 1. at \$ 3.00 per Bbl.  
No. 2. at 2.00 per Bbl.

Do not delay in securing some of these bargains. The goods are strictly first class.

## SALLING, HANSON & CO.

**HOLIDAY GIFTS!**

CONSISTING OF

PHOTO AND AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS, PORTRAIT BOXES, TOILET CASES, JEWEL CASES, SHAVING SETS, CUFFS AND COLLAR BOXES, GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF BOXES, NECK-TIE CASES, SMOKERS' SETS, FRAMES, MIRRORS, GLASS MEDALLIONS, CELLULOID NOVEL-TIES, POEMS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, DOLLS, TOYS, GAMES AND OTHER GIFTS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

**AT FOURNIERS'S DRUG STORE.**

**SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS**

**DON'T MISS THE GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE**  
**OF**  
**DRY GOODS,**  
**CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**LADIES' and GENTS'**  
**Furnishing Goods, and Rubbers.**  
**R. MEYER & CO.,**  
**Price Wreckers.**  
**P. S. See Hand Bills for Price Quotations.**







# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## CRADLE OF THE RACE.

### ARMENIA THE OLDEST LAND IN THE WORLD.

A Country of Great Natural Resources, but Devastated by the Worthless Turk—May Yet Be Delivered from the Sultan's Rule.

Native Home of Man.  
The bloody massacres perpetrated by the Turks and Kurds in the heart of Armenia served to call public attention to one of the oldest and most remarkable countries on the globe, a country once rich and populous and powerful, but like every other land that has suffered the curse of Turkish rule, now desolate. There was a time when the Armenians numbered at least 25,000,000 population, but now it is estimated that not more than 5,000,000 remain in their native and well-beloved land, while 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 more are wanderers to and fro over the earth, sober, industrious, economical citizens of many lands and well-to-do in every country but their own. They would do well there also were it not for the Turks. The Ottoman Empire has proved itself in modern times, as the Persian in ancient, a national curse, a sore, an ulcer among nations; it has been said of the Persian State that of all the nations over which it gained control not one ever raised its head again, and the statement is almost literally true. Far more fortunate have been the States that have suffered the blight of Turkish rule. One by one they have risen in rebellion and have shaken off the Ottoman yoke. Years of revolution and bloody war were sometimes required to secure the coveted freedom, and the march to liberty has been over thousands of bloody corpses of men, women and even of children, but by perseverance the cause was always won. Greece, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Georgia, Circassia, the story of each is the same—a bloody rebellion, a long war, assistance from foreign powers, and then freedom. The unhappy land

of Armenia, about 150,000 square miles, being thus a little more than twice the size of Missouri, and for the most part consists of a high tableland from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. Although within the tropics it is by no means a tropical country, having, on the contrary, a climate rather severe



A FRONTIER POST.

than mild, for during at least three months in the year, deep snows cover the wide plains that stretch from the head waters of the Euphrates to the Caspian Sea, and on the Ararat range the snow has never been known to melt. In spite of its altitude, however, the country has agricultural advantages of no mean order. The tablelands are not of uniform height, and on their various terraces the products of any country on the globe may be raised, from the dates of Arabia to the oats and barley of Norway. The country is otherwise wealthy besides, for there are mines of gold, silver and several other metals, while coal is abundant in many localities, and petroleum is found in a score of different places. Under even a passable form of government Armenia would be a singularly prosperous country, but the curse of Turkish misrule has blighted every hope of the inhabitants.

Industry is checked, for no one knows the amount of taxes that will be required of him; nor, indeed, can he be certain that after the products of his labor have been garnered they will not all be eaten or carried off by bands of irregular Turkish troops, who will consider themselves singularly forebear-

the world, and the swarms of wandering bandits sometimes consist of both Christians and Moslems, who rob both parties with strictest impartiality.

The cities of Armenia are not very numerous nor very populous, neither are they very prosperous. The best among them are Kars, that has stood

## THE WRITING WOMAN.

A Delightful Comparative Study with the Writing Man.  
When a man writes he wants pomp and circumstance and eternal space from which to draw. If he writes at home he needs a study or a library, and he wants the key lost and the key-hole pasted over so that nobody can disturb him. His finished products are of much importance to him, and, for a time, he wonders why the planets have not changed their orbits or the sunshine acquired a new brilliancy because he has written something by a cast-iron method.

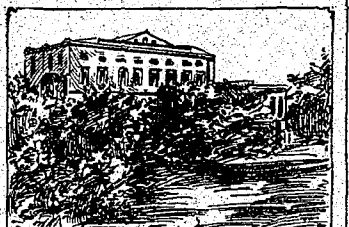
A woman picks up some scraps of a copy book or the back of a pattern, sharpens her pencil with the scissors or gnaws the end sharper. She takes an old geography, tucks her foot under her, sucks her pencil periodically, and produces literature.

She can write with Genevieve pounding out her exercises on the piano, with Mary buzzing over her history lesson for to-morrow, Tommy teasing the baby, and the baby pulling the cat's tail. The domestic comes and goes for directions and supplies, but the course of true love runs on, the lovers woo and win, and the villains kill and die, among the most commonplace surroundings.

A man's best efforts, falling short of genius, are apt to be stilted, but the woman who writes will often, with the stump of a pencil and amid the distractions above mentioned, produce a tender bit of a poem, a dramatic situation, or a page of description that, though critics rave, lives on, travels through the exchanges, and finds a place in the scrapbooks of the men and women who know a good thing when they see it, whether there is a well-known name signed to it or not.—Boston Advertiser.

## THE ISLAND OF CORFU.

Where It Was Hoped the Czar Might Regain His Health.  
During the last sickness of the Czar one of the places where it was hoped he might recover his health was the Is-



THE ROYAL PALACE, CORFU.

land of Corfu, one of the Ionian group, belonging to Greece. A magnificent palace was there offered to him by his brother-in-law, King George. The Czar, however, who knew that the end was near, declined the offer, preferring to die in his own land.

Corfu is the most northerly of the Ionian islands and has an area of 227



ACHILLEION, THE PALACE OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT CORFU.  
square miles. The climate is dry and healthful and the valleys are very fertile. Many centuries before Christ Corfu was a leading maritime power and disputed supremacy with the Corinthians, by whom it was originally colonized. In 220 B. C. the island fell into the hands of the Romans and afterward belonged successively to the Eastern Empire, the Normans, Venetians, French and English. In 1804 it was ceded to Greece and has since been a monarchy of that kingdom.

There are numerous palaces on the island, several belonging to the King of Greece and one to the Empress of Austria. The capital of the island is beautifully situated on a promontory, and has a population of 20,000. It is the seat of a Catholic and a Latin bishop. Off this city a naval battle was fought 603 B. C. and this is said to be the first naval engagement on record.

## Music and Science.

Sir Charles Lyell, that devout man of science, used to say that he liked music, for it allowed him to go on thinking his own thoughts. So it evidently did, for Frances Power Cobbe writes of him that, at a great musical party, he sat beside her and conversed thus in every interval in the music of Mendelssohn and Handel.

"Agassiz has made a discovery. I can't sleep for thinking of it. He finds traces of the glaciers in tropical America."

Here intervened a sacred song, but at the moment it was ended he began, as if he had not once taken his mind from the class of subjects he loved most.

"Well, as I was saying, you know 220,000 years ago the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was at one of its maximum periods, and we were 11,000,000 miles farther from the sun in winter, and the cold of those winters must have been intense, because heat varies, not according to direct ratio, but the squares of the distances."

"Well," said Miss Cobbe, "then the summers were as much hotter?"

Here came a sacred song, and with its last note Sir Charles began again: "No, the summers weren't. They couldn't have conquered the cold."

"Then you think the astronomical 220,000 years corresponded with the glacial period? Is that time enough for all the strata since?"

(Another selection from Handel.)

"I don't know. Perhaps we must go back still farther."

And so the strange medley of astronomy and music continued. It was easy to see which was Sir Charles' darling!—Youth's Companion.

## Cost of Running Trains.

Probably few travelers, even those who daily have occasion to use the railroads, have any adequate idea of the cost of running trains. The cost may differ, and doubtless does differ greatly with the varying conditions, but the recently published figures of one of the extensive Western systems are instructive. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, operating 6,147 miles of road, has made public an analysis of expenses per revenue train mile run for the past two years, the total miles

run being 31,750,418 in 1893, and 28,602,470 in 1894.

The items include repairs to locomotives and cars, station service, train service, locomotive service, train and station supplies, fuel, oil and waste and miscellaneous expenses. The total operating expenses were 99.46 per cent, per revenue train mile in 1893, and 92.87 cents in 1894. The revenue from passengers, per train mile run, was only 91.61 cents in 1893, and 10.32 cents in 1894, or less than cost. But there was a profit on freight, the revenue per mile run being \$1.5701 in 1893, and \$1.5824 in 1894, and out of this margin between receipts and expenditures per mile has to come the return for the enormous investment in road, rolling stock, structures and other property. Stated in a general way, it costs about a dollar a mile, actual operating expenses, to run a train, without allowing any return on cost of road or equipment.—Providence Journal.

## LIKED HIS PREACHING.

He Had Heard Him Often and Enjoyed His Sermons.

A hard-toured man, dressed in a new suit of very cheap black, called at the house of a well-known clergyman, and upon giving his name was invited to take a seat in the gentleman's study. "I have a few days to spend in town," said the visitor, "and I did not want to leave without calling and paying my respects to you. I have heard you preach many a time."

"Yes," said the parson, beginning to take an interest in the visitor.

"I like your preaching, and, though I do not belong to your church, yet I must say you preach the best sermon I ever heard. There are so very few good preachers now, very few in whose uprightness we can place trust, that when we meet one of the right kind we like to express our appreciation."

"Yes," the good man repeated, and as the bell tinkled he rose and said, "Come, my friend, and take some lunch with me."

The visitor was only too happy, and, seated at the table, began to eat with an avidity that attracted the host's attention.

"You say that you have heard me preach many a time," remarked the minister.

"Oh, yes," the man replied, conveying an ample allowance of mashed potatoes into his mouth.

"I don't remember seeing you at my church. I suppose you have heard me in the country?"

"No," said the visitor, helping himself to beans, "not in the country."

"Certainly not in town?"

"Well, sorter yes and sorter no. You know you preached at the prison for some time. I was there for stealing a horse and cart, and finished my time today. Thank you for the bread."

Pittsburg Dispatch.

## At Play.

It is good to read of great men at their playtime. Southey, when asked to write in an album, set down at once:

Birds of a feather  
Flock together,  
Vide the opposite page;  
But do not thence gather  
That I'm of like feather.

With all the brave birds in this cage,  
A lady who saw him when she was a child was always prone to remember that he made "a poem" for her. She was about 3 years old, and her besetting sin, grammatically considered, was saying I are. Southey took her on his knee, and would not let her go until she had learned these lines, made up on the spur of the moment:

A cow's daughter is called a calf,  
And a sheep's child a lamb.  
Little children must not say I are  
But should always say I am!

This was afterward repeated to Southey, but doggerel though it was, he had too much common sense and real dignity to be ashamed of it.

"When my children were little," he said, laughing, "I used to make such things daily. There have been hundreds such forgotten."

## Saving the Eyes of Desk Workers.

A novelty being placed upon the market is a new adaptation of the incandescent light for the purposes of the desk. Upon the top of the desk is a sliding frame which allows the light to be placed in a desirable position.

The light is placed longitudinally in a horizontal cylindrical ground glass frame. Over this is placed upon top a sheet of perforated metal. This is for the purpose of protecting the hand or other substances from the heat common to the incandescent lamp. In front is a bronze apron which completely shades the eyes from the light; the results being that the full volume of light is thrown down upon the desk, and a full utility in the way of effect is thereby realized.—Hardware.

## Why Shoes Are Cheap.

Not only is the old-fashioned shoemaker disappearing from New York, but even the retail shoemaker is being squeezed out. Instead one finds the wholesale shoe manufacturer vending at various shops his own product.

The result is cheaper shoes to the consumer, and probably nowhere on earth does one get better wearing or better looking shoes for the money than the ready-made shoes of this town.—New York Sun.

## Unrecognized Languages.

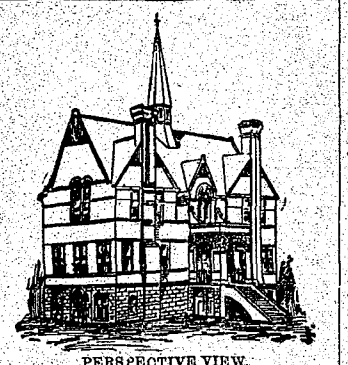
Young people are prone to form languages for their own use; and of 150 specimens of the kind published by the "Am Ur-quell," a German folk lore journal, a large portion are those of boys and girls; while others were collected from thieves, peasants, and secret societies. For example, there is "Medical Greek," used by medical students; "Dog Latin," or the speech of a baby learning to talk; "Crane language," used in Denmark; "Sa-la language," used in China; "Robber language," "B-language," "Language of the Cat's Elbow," and so on. Many of them are the ordinary language of the neighborhood, modified by the insertion of syllables, a plan which schoolboys often follow. A case in point is the "Gibberish," or Hog Latin, of American children; for instance, "Willus goovus goovus meumvius?" for "Will you go with me?" Others again are formed by replacing the letters of a word by others, as in the "Tut language" of Texas, and the "Guitar language" of Hungary.

In Kentucky.—Prominent citizen—I think I'll run for Congress. Reporter—Is that so? What's the lady's name?—Detroit Free Press.

## DESIGN FOR A TOWN HALL.

Adapted to the Requirements of a Town of Five Thousand People.

Here is a study for a small town hall, suited to the requirements of a town of from four to five thousand inhabitants. There should be in every town the public building, in which all should take equal delight and pride. This building should not be a wooden, tumble-down, flat, or mansard-roof dry goods box, neither need it be an attic in some building, the lower part of which is used as a store-room for kerosene or any other equally combustible material, but should be a real solid, substantial brick building, which should be built in a proper manner, the floors fire-proof—not built in that slipshod fashion that old fogies always prefer, the wooden beam and floors forming beautiful fives for the devouring flames to creep through, thereby at all times rendering such buildings perfect man traps. The roof should be a feature of the building, and not, as many suppose, be made to appear as small as possible, as if it was something to keep out of sight. In the design here illustrated it has not been the aim to produce anything but a good, plain, honest build-



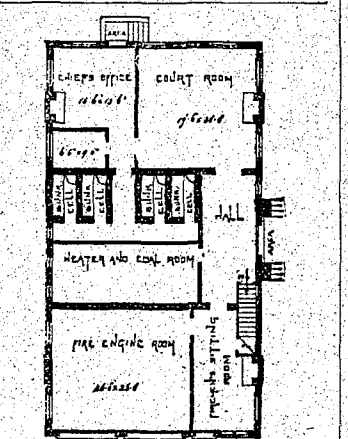
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

ing, suited to the requirements of a country town.

The basement is reached by front entrance directly under main entrance, and the floor of porch above forms a covered porch for basement entrance.

The hall is large and spacious, and communicates with court room, heater room and firemen's sitting room, also hall of first floor by a flight of easy stairs. The fire engine room is large, and has two large doors suitable for running in engine and hose wagon, and connecting as it does with sitting room, makes a convenient arrangement. The chief's office is connected with court room and has an outside door. Four cells are provided, in which to stow away at times the refractory individual who insists on being in hot water.

The first floor contains court room with judges' and jury room, town clerk's office, with large fire proof vault



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

In which to stow away the town records, two good offices which should hold lawyers enough to do what legal business is necessary to be done in a town of this size. The hall is spacious and communicates directly with offices and court room, and has a broad and easy staircase ascending to the large, high hall above, the whole of which is in one room for assembly purposes. Such a hall as this is capable of being fitted up and answering for everything required in a country town, as a caucus meeting or a theatrical performance, for private parties and public balls, church fairs or even ministers' donation parties. This hall would be a source of revenue that would almost run the entire building, and would be a source of continual enjoyment to the citizens of the town.

The building is thoroughly ventilated throughout. The outer walls built of good, honest red brick in colored mortar, with stone basement, water table, sills, steps, etc. The roof slated. The

first and second floors of rolled wrought iron beams and corrugated iron arches, filled in with cement concrete, on which is bedded the sleepers the hard pine floors are laid on. The interior finish to be of hard wood, in a plain and suitable manner. Cost, \$12,000.

(Copyright by Fallis, Fallis & Co., New York.)

## The Olive Tree.

The olive tree is supposed to have been originally a native of Greece, but it is now naturalized in the south of France, Italy, and Spain, where it has been extensively cultivated from time immemorial for the oil expressed from the fruit. The tree attains an almost incredible age. Near Ferni, in the Vale of Marmora, is a plantation about two miles in extent of very old trees, supposed to be the same trees mentioned by Pliny as growing there in the first century of the Christian era.

(Copyright by Fallis, Fallis & Co., New York.)

## Old Pledges.

At the Paris Mont de Piete, the official pawnbroking establishment, a wedding ring pawned in 1857 has just been redeemed. Only 17 francs was lent upon it originally, but the ticket was renewed thirty-six times, and the owner paid fifty francs in interest. Tickets are still renewed every year for a pair of cotton curtains pledged for 4 francs twenty-two years ago, and for an umbrella pawned in 1849.

ABOUT the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at a joke he has heard before.—Texas Sittings.

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

### STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.—A Budget of Fun.

"The most baneful hole in a man's pocket is the one at the top."—Boston Bulletin.

"Jim's done made his mark in the Legislature." "That so?" "You bet; signed for his salary!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why do you not stop begging and try to get some work?" "Because I do not wish to give up a sure thing for an uncertain one."—Paris Eclair.

"Ella (deadpanfully)—The attentions of the gentlemen are so tiresome. Bella (demurely)—The attentions they pay to other women?"—Boston Transcript.

"Yes," said Mr. Sourman, "women like money, and money is like women." "How is that?" Inquired his wife. "Money talks."—New York Press.

"Uncle—Is your little dog intelligent? Small Nephew—Well, he hasn't got so much sense in his head, but his tail seems to know a lot."—Good News.

"He (very conceitedly)—I don't think I should like to marry any girl unless she was of a self-sacrificing nature. She—But wouldn't that prove it?—Life.

"Blinka—There is a report that a sausage trust is being formed. Jinks—Can't be true. Any trust in sausage would be impossible."—New York Weekly.

The Bachelor—I'm waiting for the interesting woman of 30 that the novelists talk about. "Well, you won't find her. All the women under 60 are not over 22."—Life.

"Misses—'Goodness, Bridget, to whom are you writing in those immense letters?' Bridget—'To me sister, mum; she's deaf and dumb.'—Harper's Bazar.

"He—'De Freshe is laid up with nervous prostration.' She—'It must be something else. Nothing on earth could prostrate that fellow's nerve.'—Detroit Free Press.

"It is learned that there are 8,000,000 piano players in the United States, and they can elect any man President that they may write on. This is terrible."—Texas Sittings.

"You started out to keep a diary, I believe?" "Yes." "Going to keep it up?" "No; I've decided it's easier to write an autobiography ahead than live up to it."—Truth.

"Briggs—'Miss Cobble is a great horsewoman, isn't she?' Griggs—'I should say so. She was taken ill the other day and they sent for a veterinary surgeon.'—New York Sun.

"Her Father—'No, young man, my daughter can never be yours.' Her Adorer—'I beg pardon; I don't want her to be my daughter. I want her to be my wife.'—Harlem Life.

"You cannot crush me," he hissed to the girl who had just spurned him. "You just wait till I get you out on the street with my bicycle." she muttered malignantly.—Detroit Tribune.

"Strange about May. She doesn't get married because she doesn't know how to say no." "Indeed?" "Yes, when fellows ask her to sing for them she always complies."—Detroit Tribune.

Phyllis—Little brother told papa that you kissed me over 100 times last night. Alphonso—How did your little brother know? "Why, it's the little things that count, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I am told," remarked the young woman who is fond of research, "that twins are usually very much attached to each other." "Yes," replied the matter-of-fact man, "the Siamese twins were."—Washington Star.

George—I wonder why it's so easy to get engaged to a girl in the summer. Jack—I just tell you what, George, after a girl sees herself in a summer boarding-house looking-glass she'll accept most anybody.—New York Weekly.

"Borax—'My wife makes a little money go a long ways these times.' Sam Jones—'So does mine, unfortunately.' She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia."—Truth.

Fasberry—"Say, Johnny, why are you wasting your time here shooting craps?" Messenger boy—"Wasting my time? What's de matter wid yer? I'm gettin' paid for every minute I sit. Got a message in de pocket."—New York Herald.

"Mother—'Johnny, on your way home from school stop at the store and get me a stick of candy and a bar of soap.' Father—'What do you want of a stick of candy?' Mother—'That's so he'll remember the soap.'—New York Weekly.

"I always thought she was the most commonplace of girls." "At any rate she has just done a most romantic thing." "What, pray?" "Married a young man of her own age who is neither a coachman nor a prince."—Judge.

"Suppose, Bobbie, that another boy should strike your right cheek," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what would you do?" "Give him the other cheek to strike," said Bobbie. "That's right," said the teacher. "Yessum," said Bobbie, "and if he struck that I'd paralyze him."—Harper's Bazar.

A young miss just struggling with the piano was privileged to hear Sousa's band not long since. She afterwards wrote to a friend: "P. S.—Oh, I forgot. I heard Sousa Friday and it was fine. I wish I could play 'The Washington Post' and 'High-School Cadets' as they did, but then, I am not a band, so don't expect to do."—New York Tribune.

Old Pledges.

At the Paris Mont de Piete, the official pawnbroking establishment, a wedding ring pawned in 1857 has just been redeemed. Only 17 francs was lent upon it originally, but the ticket was renewed thirty-six times, and the owner paid fifty francs in interest. Tickets are still renewed every year for a pair of cotton curtains pledged for 4 francs twenty-two years ago, and for an umbrella pawned in 1849.

ABOUT the most miserable man in the world is the one who is expected to laugh at a joke he has heard before.—Texas Sittings.



THE BASH-BAZOOK.

of Armenia is now going through the preliminary stages of the process of acquiring independence, and there is no reason to doubt that in time, and, perhaps, in no very long time, the Armenians will be as free as the Greeks or Bulgarians are to-day.

It is a singular land, that in which the fight for liberty is now being waged under such fearful odds. It is



A GATE OF ERZEROU.

a land so old in history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the first home of mankind, and so far do the sober facts of history confirm the wild fancies of legend that historians, scientist and myth-gatherers all unite in the belief that somewhere in the region now generally designated as Armenia, the human race first began that process of migration and development that has led to the peopling of every corner of the earth. The Garden of Paradise was in Armenia. Adam was an Armenian; so was Noah, for his ark rested on Ararat, where, according to popular tradition, it remains to this day, having been seen, or at least reported to be seen, by two or three different travelers. From Armenia began the dispersion of the nations, and all the legends of the early days point the finger back toward that singular land at the head waters of the Euphrates and Tigris as the home of every nation that preserved in memory of its own origin.

The limits of Armenia proper are by no means accurately determined, for at different times the country has been under many different governments, and even at present, it is divided between Turkey, Russia and Persia, and the boundary lines form a never-ceasing source of dispute between these three powers. The truth is that Armenia really has no boundaries worth the name, the various tribes of savage kinds that occupy the eastern district, wandering back and forth at their pleasure, and, according as inclination or convenience may prompt, owing allegiance to either or neither government. According to the best authorities, the land of Armenia proper con-

ing if they do not also take his life. Instances have been known of farmers who raised a hundred bushels of grain and saw eighty-five bushels carried off under the name of taxes, to feed a rapacious soldiery. Under such circumstances, the people have no incentive to industry, and so Armenia, like every other Turkish province, is gradually wasting away; the industrious and economical portion of the population are leaving as fast as they can, and this remarkable region will soon be desolate.

The inhabitants are not all Armenians; in fact, the Armenians now form only a small fraction of the population in the country they once called their own. Turks, Kurds, Persians, Tartars, savage tribes akin to the races of hardy mountaineers that people the region from the Caspian to the confines of China, they are all alike in one respect—that all are treacherous and bloodthirsty, and all are inspired by a bitter hate of anything Christian. The name seems to rouse among these savage peoples all the innate ferocity of untamed human nature.

To do them justice, however, the Christians, so called, of Armenia, are not much better than their Turkish and Kurdish neighbors. They have been hardened and brutalized by ages of oppression and suffering; they regard the Turks as their natural enemies, and are just as ready to fight the Ottomans as the latter are to fight them. Unfortunately for the Christians, however, they are hopelessly in the minority, and so from time to time the world is shocked with these narratives of Turkish atrocity. In cold fact, there is very little choice between Christian and Moslem in that part of

master for another, but experience has shown that while the Czar is a hard master, he is more tolerant than the Sultan.

BOLKER (meditatively).—My experience has taught me one curious thing. Blobs—Has, eh? What is it? Bolker.—That the closer a man is the harder it is to touch him.—Buffalo Courier.



A KURD SOLDIER.

Russian wolf, Armenia would long ago have been delivered from the rule of the Turk. Twice in the present century has Russia been ready to occupy the whole province, and twice has the deliverance of Armenia been postponed by the trickery of British politics and diplomacy. It is true that in being placed in Russian territory the Armenians would merely exchange one



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF KARS.

been hardened and brutalized by ages of oppression and suffering; they regard the Turks as their natural enemies, and are just as ready to fight the Ottomans as the latter are to fight them. Unfortunately for the Christians, however, they are hopelessly in the minority, and so from time to time the world is shocked with these narratives of Turkish atrocity. In cold fact, there is very little choice between Christian and Moslem in that part of



## Helpless Ten Weeks

"I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was laid up in the house ten weeks. My right arm was withered away to skin and bone, and I had almost lost the use of it. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and by the time the first bottle was used I was feeling quite better. I could see and feel a great change. The flesh was returning to my arm and the Mr. R. Forrestall soreness was leaving my body and limbs. Every spring and fall since, we have used from three to six bottles in our family. I find to use Hood's Sarsaparilla is cheaper than to pay doctor's bills. I am thankful that I have found a medicine which will help a man who has rheumatism. It keeps me in good health." RICHARD FORRESTALL, Oelwein, Iowa. Get HOOD'S.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

Rob Roy, the Philanthropist.

During more than forty years John MacGregor (Rob Roy) was a great exemplar of the best sort of philanthropy. There was some narrowness, perhaps bigotry, in his religious creed, but none whatever in his practice. He was a man of considerable attainments in literature, science, art, and music; above all, he was a born adventurer, as his voyages in his "Rob Roy" canoe testify; and all the profits that he obtained from his books and lectures were handed over to the charities—objects of the best sort—in which he was interested.

By lecturing alone he earned and then applied \$10,000, and having set himself to collect that sum, he persevered in the work during several years. A day in a month he began to fail until the total had been reached. Lying in 1892, at the age of 67, he left a record of steady heroism and of real service to his fellow-men which is almost unique.—The Academy.

## DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back.

Kidney Complaint.

Urinary Troubles.

Disordered Liver.

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Blot or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

At Druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00 size.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. Every time it will relieve.

Backache, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Remedy." Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Remedy." Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Remedy."

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

## SAMPLE LOT OF GHOSTS.

Howard Fielding Solifet Orders from Psychological Researchers.

He Always Carries a Full Stock of Ghosts, Dreams, Visions and Warnings, All Fully Equal in Quality to Those Here Given.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

I have always been deeply interested in supernatural phenomena. Even when quite young, I could never walk by a cemetery after dark without being disappointed. No ghost ever ventured out of his cage when I was looking.

In the matter of visions, warning in dreams, I have been equally unfortunate. I once dreamed that I was lying on a pile of stones when the sacred white elephant came along and stepped on the third button of my waistcoat. This happened in Worcester, where I was working on a newspaper from nine o'clock in the morning to three o'clock the next morning, seven days in a week, with an allowance of five minutes for meals, including a piece of mince pie on a m. I knew that this dream contained a warning, and at first I thought it referred to the pie. But on second thought I decided to throw up my job. I did it, and have never dreamed the same thing since, which makes it look like a plain case to me.

When I think of my existence there, it seems natural that I should never have been warned again. A man can't reasonably expect Providence to do too much for him. A favor of that size should content him for life. However, it has been hard for me to listen to so many nice ghost stories and reflect that I have never enjoyed anything of the sort myself. It has been some consolation to investigate, by my own scientific method, the experience of others.

Here is a case which I vouch for. I became acquainted while in Boston with an aged victim of the game of policy. It is a game in which a man can bet one cent if he has no more, and the person to whom I refer had even lost his self-respect. He was a great believer in dreams, and his stories of what they had done for others were worth much more than the small sums which I bestowed upon him from time to time. As he always went to bed hungry, he never lacked dreams. The only trouble, as he explained to me, was in the interpretation. For instance, he would dream of a death, and then play the deaf "gig," 9-10-29, "when," as he would inform me, after the drawing, "any cussed fool ought to have known that the coffin gill was the right one for that dream."

One day I found him in luck; and also somewhat in liquor.

"I hit it this time," he said.

"Dreamed about Ben Butler for three nights running. Why did he dream it? It took a long time to study it out. Finally it came to me like a flash. I asked a fellow how old the general was, and he said he was sixty-two. So I played sixty-two dimes, to lead, and in the cap. It was the first number out in both drawings. I've got money to burn."

He had, in fact, won nearly a hundred dollars.

"And the curious thing about it was this," he continued, thoughtfully, "the fellow that told me Ben's age lied; the general was really sixty-four."

Some persons might think that this trifling inaccuracy reminds me of the difficulty experienced by ghostly apparitions in my father's house a good many years ago. I awakened, as all in the dead of night, by playing on the piano. I listened to the supernatural music in horror, as the others did, too, no doubt. My musical ear is good, and it is exceptionally accurate in the matter of absolute pitch. Such being the case, I was soon able to make out that the ghost's tune consisted of only two notes, high C and A way down in the bass.

"This means something," said I, in an awed whisper. "C-A must be the initials of the ghost."

Then I rose and followed my father down to the parlor, where we found our cat (previously supposed to have wandered away and died) standing on the keys of the piano. She had her left hindfoot on C, her right forefoot on A, and was reaching out after T. Nothing but the system of musical notation prevented her from revealing her identity completely. My father drew her away, and she never came back, which is good ground for believing that it was not the cat at all, but her ghost.

Another case even more remarkable than this occurred on the banks of the St. Lawrence this summer.

A lady whom we will call Mrs. A., because that will make it easier for the Society for Psychological Research to enter the story on its record, had gone to this region with her husband who has a great passion for outdoor sports, and, in fact, sports of any kind. Mrs. A. retired to rest on the night of August 13, believing that her husband was then returning down the river, from a fishing trip on which he had started early that morning.

And she dreamed a dream. She beheld her husband and old Abe Grover, the river pilot, coming down through the rapids in Abe's boat. The waters whirled around them madly, and the grey-white around the gills. He caught a crab with his starboard oar, and the boat turned adown flip-flops in the hurrying tide. Mrs. A. beheld her husband struggling with the current. She was conscious of making frantic efforts to reach and save him, probably remembering that he had money in his clothes, although she does not tell the story that way.

In the midst of these struggles she saw a light. The dream still ran riot in her mind. It was certainly a warning. Her husband was in peril.

Mrs. A. was so deeply moved by these reflections that she arose, dressed herself hastily, curled her front hair and sped through the darkness to the cabin of Abe Grover, which stood on the river bank not far from the cottage in which Mrs. A. had dreamed her dream. Nobody knows what she intended to do there. Probably she wished to weep with Mrs. G., and to ask her how she thought that she (Mrs. A.) would look in black.

There was a bright light in one end of Grover's cabin, while the other was dark. Mrs. A. precipitated herself (as they say in French novels) against the door of the lighted room. She landed almost in the middle of the floor. Her eyes took in the scene at a glance. Four men sat around a table. There were cards and chips and "bait" in large, black bottles and she

Mr. A. sat behind an ace-full, and he

## How Artillery Experts Measure It with Exactness.

The measurement of the speed of projectiles in rapid movement is effected by special mechanical contrivances in connection with electric contacts and self-registering clock-work. The following is the procedure adopted: The chronometer or other time-piece to be used for the purpose is electrically connected with two circuit-breakers, one at each end of the proving ground. The discharged projectile in its flight strikes both in turn, starting the chronoscope at the first contact and stopping it at the second, thus registering the interval of time between the two. In practical experiments, the line of flight of the projectile is intercepted by two disk-like frames (C and D in the illustration) at a measured distance apart, and supported by the posts A and B, sunk in the earth. The distance between the two frames is ordinarily 50 meters—53 or 55 yards—and the two are so placed that the projectile will pass through them about the middle. Aeth frames are made of parallel wooden slats, and are provided on their perpendicular sides with small pegs supporting a thin copper wire that passes alternately from one side to the other, without interruption. In this way the frame becomes a net-work, in which the diameter of each mesh is smaller than that of the projectile to be fired through it. The wire of the first frame C is in the circuit of the current of a galvanic battery, S, and both are attached to the chronometer T by means of the clamps I.

Just as Mr. B. struggled out of sleep into consciousness, he heard a voice say: "Charley is dead." Now, this happened in New England, where Charley is so common a name that many parents prefer to christen their sons Zimri. Therefore, Mr. B. was not much wiser after the spirit voice had spoken than before. He rapidly ran over the list of persons named Charley who were members of his own family, and, having decided that none of them was likely to have left him any money, he went to sleep.

In the morning, however, the remembrance of the dream troubled him. He made inquiries, and learned to his satisfaction or the reverse, as it happened in each individual case—that all the Charleys were alive and well. Nothing had happened to any of them during the night.

And yet the dream "came out" as the fatalists say, for almost a week later he discovered that on the night in question, and perhaps at that very hour, old man Bowden, who lived nine miles out of town, had suffered the loss (by death) of a horse named Charley, aged twenty-three years, four months and nine days.

I believe that this is the first case of the kind on record. The case, however, is established, and a horse, if it can be established, is likely to become a fact, especially with men who play the races.

As for me, I should be inclined to believe that what Mr. B. heard was simply the voice of a nightmare, if the animal had been named Julia.

In conclusion, and by way of verification, I will say that my method of investigation is strictly in accord with that employed by the Society for Psychological Research. I always endeavor to learn which one of all the persons mentioned in any unusual happening has the most powerful imagination and the most comprehensive grasp of the elements of successful fiction. Then I get him to tell the story.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Walrus Hunting in the North.

Arnold Pike tells of a walrus hunt in Bird Bay, to the north of Spitzbergen. The bay was full of fast ice, but eastward the sea was fairly open, and the hunter was rowing slowly back to the sloop, when the harpooner suddenly laid aside his glass and headed the boat for a black mass which the mirage magnified into the size of a small house, but which was really a walrus.

The walrus raises his head and we are motionless," says Mr. Pike. "It is intensely still, and the scraping of a piece of ice along the boat seems like the roar of a railway train passing overhead on some bridge. Down goes the head and we glide forward again, and again he raises his head and looks around with a quick motion, but we have the sun right at our back and he never notices us. At last we are within a few feet, and with a shout of 'Voek op, ganling!' meaning 'Wake up, old boy,' which breaks the stillness like a shot, the harpooner is on his feet, his weapon clapped in both hands above his head. As the walrus plunges into the sea the iron is hurled in his side, and with a quick twist to prevent the head from slipping out of the same slit that it has cut in the thick hide, the handle is withdrawn and thrown into the boat. No. 2, who with a turn round the forward thwart has been paying out the line, now checks it, as stroke and the 'hammelmand,' facing forward, hang back on their oars to check the rush. Bumping and scraping the ice, the rowers are toward along for about five minutes and then stop, as the walrus comes to the surface to breathe. In the old days the lance would finish the business, but now it is the rifle. He is facing the boat. I sight for one of his eyes and let him have both barrels, without much effect, apparently, for away we rush for two or three minutes more, when he is up again, still facing the boat. He seems to care no more for the solid express bullets than if they were peas, but he is low this time, and as he turns to dive exposes the fatal spot at the back of the head, and dies."—[Milwaukee, Wisconsin.]

The Horned Toad.

"One of the strangest species of animal life I ever came in contact with," said Professor E. C. Sawyer, of Philadelphia, "is the horned toad, which is quite common in Arizona and New Mexico. These animals are somewhat larger than the common toads which infest our lawns and gardens, and are found in large numbers on the sandy plains of the southwest. They are strange-looking little creatures, and their name is derived from the fact that three projections like horns stick right out from the top of their heads. The most curious feature about these toads is the habit they have of apparently spitting blood from their eyes when disturbed. I have seen one that had lived in that locality all his life, told me that it was not really blood that these creatures spat out, but a liquid resembling it, and that it came from little orifices just above and behind the eyes. He also told me that this liquid had a stupefying effect upon an animal covered with it."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

New Rail Road Scheme.

The city railway company of Berlin has adopted the nickel-in-the-slot plan for selling tickets during the busy hours. The improved machines are constructed so that the coin drops out again if a wrong one has been put in; there are no more tickets.

## SPEED OF CANNON BALLS.

How Artillery Experts Measure It with Exactness.

The measurement of the speed of projectiles in rapid movement is effected by special mechanical contrivances in connection with electric contacts and self-registering clock-work. The following is the procedure adopted: The chronometer or other time-piece to be used for the purpose is electrically connected with two circuit-breakers, one at each end of the proving ground. The discharged projectile in its flight strikes both in turn, starting the chronoscope at the first contact and stopping it at the second, thus registering the interval of time between the two. In practical experiments, the line of flight of the projectile is intercepted by two disk-like frames (C and D in the illustration) at a measured distance apart, and supported by the posts A and B, sunk in the earth. The distance between the two frames is ordinarily 50 meters—53 or 55 yards—and the two are so placed that the projectile will pass through them about the middle. Aeth frames are made of parallel wooden slats, and are provided on their perpendicular sides with small pegs supporting a thin copper wire that passes alternately from one side to the other, without interruption. In this way the frame becomes a net-work, in which the diameter of each mesh is smaller than that of the projectile to be fired through it. The wire of the first frame C is in the circuit of the current of a galvanic battery, S, and both are attached to the chronometer T by means of the clamps I.

Just as Mr. B. struggled out of sleep into consciousness, he heard a voice say: "Charley is dead." Now, this happened in New England, where Charley is so common a name that many parents prefer to christen their sons Zimri. Therefore, Mr. B. was not much wiser after the spirit voice had spoken than before. He rapidly ran over the list of persons named Charley who were members of his own family, and, having decided that none of them was likely to have left him any money, he went to sleep.

In the morning, however, the remembrance of the dream troubled him. He made inquiries, and learned to his satisfaction or the reverse, as it happened in each individual case—that all the Charleys were alive and well. Nothing had happened to any of them during the night.

And yet the dream "came out" as the fatalists say, for almost a week later he discovered that on the night in question, and perhaps at that very hour, old man Bowden, who lived nine miles out of town, had suffered the loss (by death) of a horse named Charley, aged twenty-three years, four months and nine days.

I believe that this is the first case of the kind on record. The case, however, is established, and a horse, if it can be established, is likely to become a fact, especially with men who play the races.

As for me, I should be inclined to believe that what Mr. B. heard was simply the voice of a nightmare, if the animal had been named Julia.

In conclusion, and by way of verification, I will say that my method of investigation is strictly in accord with that employed by the Society for Psychological Research. I always endeavor to learn which one of all the persons mentioned in any unusual happening has the most powerful imagination and the most comprehensive grasp of the elements of successful fiction. Then I get him to tell the story.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Walrus Hunting in the North.

Arnold Pike tells of a walrus hunt in Bird Bay, to the north of Spitzbergen. The bay was full of fast ice, but eastward the sea was fairly open, and the hunter was rowing slowly back to the sloop, when the harpooner suddenly laid aside his glass and headed the boat for a black mass which the mirage magnified into the size of a small house, but which was really a walrus.

The walrus raises his head and we are motionless," says Mr. Pike. "It is intensely still, and the scraping of a piece of ice along the boat seems like the roar of a railway train passing overhead on some bridge. Down goes the head and we glide forward again, and again he raises his head and looks around with a quick motion, but we have the sun right at our back and he never notices us. At last we are within a few feet, and with a shout of 'Voek op, ganling!' meaning 'Wake up, old boy,' which breaks the stillness like a shot, the harpooner is on his feet, his weapon clapped in both hands above his head. As the walrus plunges into the sea the iron is hurled in his side, and with a quick twist to prevent the head from slipping out of the same slit that it has cut in the thick hide, the handle is withdrawn and thrown into the boat. No. 2, who with a turn round the forward thwart has been paying out the line, now checks it, as stroke and the 'hammelmand,' facing forward, hang back on their oars to check the rush. Bumping and scraping the ice, the rowers are toward along for about five minutes and then stop, as the walrus comes to the surface to breathe. In the old days the lance would finish the business, but now it is the rifle. He is facing the boat. I sight for one of his eyes and let him have both barrels, without much effect, apparently, for away we rush for two or three minutes more, when he is up again, still facing the boat. He seems to care no more for the solid express bullets than if they were peas, but he is low this time, and as he turns to dive exposes the fatal spot at the back of the head, and dies."—[Milwaukee, Wisconsin.]

The Horned Toad.

"One of the strangest species of animal life I ever came in contact with," said Professor E. C. Sawyer, of Philadelphia, "is the horned toad, which is quite common in Arizona and New Mexico. These animals are somewhat larger than the common toads which infest our lawns and gardens, and are found in large numbers on the sandy plains of the southwest. They are strange-looking little creatures, and their name is derived from the fact that three projections like horns stick right out from the top of their heads. The most curious feature about these toads is the habit they have of apparently spitting blood from their eyes when disturbed. I have seen one that had lived in that locality all his life, told me that it was not really blood that these creatures spat out, but a liquid resembling it, and that it came from little orifices just above and behind the eyes. He also told me that this liquid had a stupefying effect upon an animal covered with it."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

New Rail Road Scheme.

The city railway company of Berlin has adopted the nickel-in-the-slot plan for selling tickets during the busy hours. The improved machines are constructed so that the coin drops out again if a wrong one has been put in; there are no more tickets.

It Was a Fake.

Some time ago a story went around the newspapers to the effect that Eliza Island, which lies in Puget Sound in sight of the city of Fair Haven, had been leased by a syndicate of speculators, who intended to establish a peculiar industry and raise black cats for their fur. Eliza Island is a beautiful piece of ground in Bellingham Bay, and is covered with fir trees of everlasting green. Two or three fishermen are living there with their families and black-cat story was a fake, started by a man named James Wardner, of Fair Haven, who has an inventive genius and very little to do. He sent it to an Eastern paper as a genuine thing, to illustrate the enterprise of the citizens of Washington, and everybody believed it to be true.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.

Measuring Its Speed.



## JOKE CAUSED A PANIC

### LAUGHABLE INCIDENT IN A CLEVELAND HOTEL

The Future Holds Promise of Prosperity—Pastor Hancey a Victim—Dark Crime in Chicago—Murderous Assault by a Life Convict.

Thought the Hotel was on Fire.—An innocent remark caused a kind of confusion at the Hawley House in Cleveland Sunday morning. A commercial traveler in an endeavor to arouse a sleepy associate yelled: "Wake up, old man, the hotel is on fire." The guests within hearing took the words as true and began a hasty exit with what appeared to be confusion. A man, however, hearing the words, turned in an alarm, and five fire engines came upon the scene. The arrival of the fire apparatus thoroughly alarmed the guests in the entire hotel. Women on disheveled and men in nightgowns rushed out upon the streets and the confusion could be given. A few were bruised in the scramble, but none seriously hurt.

### BUSINESS AT A STAND.

Prospects for Better Trade After January.

R. G. Dunn & Co.'s Review says: It is difficult to detect any change in current business. Prospects for business after Jan. 1 are quite generally considered more hopeful; in some branches there are larger orders and the west-bound shipments of merchandise are a little larger. The working force naturally diminishes near the end of the year and the holiday traffic brings just now a temporary activity which is not of much general significance. The meeting of Congress and the announcement of the new currency plan and of various bills proposed have not affected the situation perceptibly. On the whole agricultural products are scarcely stronger and wages of labor do not advance, but there is reason to expect the employment of a somewhat larger working force after the holidays. The expected government report on feeding cattle and hogs has caused considerable speculation. It is doubted whether the estimate is more reliable than the estimates of yield of wheat and cotton, which are not regarded seriously.

### DEAD BODY IN A BOX.

A Ghastly Murder Comes to Light in Chicago.

The dead body of A. D. Barnes, janitor of the Hiawatha flats, Chicago, was discovered in a packing case that had been dumped into the vacant lot on South Park avenue, just south of the alley "L" between 93rd and 94th streets. The body was horribly mutilated and the cause of death was a knife wound extending from the right ear to the back of the head, and also a knife cut on the left side of the head. On the left hip and thigh and from the shoulder to the center of the back were wounds which look as if they had been inflicted with an ax. Edmund Jordan, a fellow janitor, confessed to the murder and Annie Mahoney, the woman in the case, admits being an accomplice.

### Uncle Sam Will Act.

President Cleveland has sent a cable message to Constantinople saying he has reconsidered his decision not to send an American delegation with the Turkish commission appointed to inquire into the Armenian outrages. The President adds that he will allow the American legation there to nominate a delegate to accompany the Porte's Armenian commission.

### Assaulted by a Convict.

W. W. Stallings, guard at the State Prison South, Jeffersonville, Ind., was struck over the head with an iron bar by William Flowers, a life-time prisoner, and probably was injured fatally. The guard was conducting an obstinate prisoner named Reffert before the Warden, when Flowers, who is a convict of Reffert, seized the bar and struck him.

### Downfall of a Chicago Minister.

The Rev. Conrad Hancey, one of the most popular and prominent of Chicago ministers, formerly pastor of the Lake Avenue Union Church, died with Mrs. Annie H. Brandt, wife of one of his church members. Each died of a family. The affair has created a tremendous sensation.

### Cole Younger May Be Released.

Cole Younger, the notorious Missouri outlaw, who for ten years has been a inmate of the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater, where he is serving a life sentence for complicity in the Northfield Bank robbery, will be released Jan. 1. He has been very sick since his incarceration.

### Robbed a School Teacher.

Miss Josephine Brand, a school teacher of Lawrenceburg, Ind., was robbed of \$10,000 in Cincinnati by a man who grabbed her hand-bag containing that amount of money and also had a short time before drawn from a safety deposit vault.

### Killed by Coal Gas.

Five people were overcome by coal gas Friday night at St. Paul. One of them died. There was a coal stove in the house, and owing to the warm evening the draughts were not put on. As a consequence there was an escape of coal gas.

### Signed for Strangers.

James M. Hinkle, a Lowry (Mo.) farmer, advanced \$25 on a \$175 draft to help two strangers out of trouble at Kansas City. The draft was signed "A. Hensett Apple," and Mr. Hawkins has so far failed to cash it.

### Cooley Sentenced to Five Years.

James Cooley was sentenced to five years imprisonment at Columbus, Ohio, for practicing a pension fraud. With one J. S. Winters he worked a scheme that enabled them to get about \$150,000 as back bounty out of the treasuries of Union and Delaware Counties.

### Pinocchio, Ky., Has Two Mayors.

Isaac Hoskins and Calvin Hurst have been sworn in as Mayor of Pinocchio, Ky., both claim to have been legally elected. Each has organized his government complete.

### Will Handle Exhibits Free of Charge.

The Southern Railway and Steamship Association has announced that the railroads of the South will handle the freight connected with the exhibits of the woman's department of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta free of charge.

### Abandoned Is Being Well.

It is reported that A. C. Thompson, the abandoned cashier of the defunct Sedalia, Mo., First National Bank, is now located in an interior town in Old Mexico, where he is secretary of a mining company. He secured his position through Sedalia friends, who bought for him a \$10,000 block of the company's stock.

### Queer Complication.

Mrs. Elizabeth Swan, having been compelled through accident to passenger coach to ride in a baggage car on the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, has secured redress at La Plata, Md., for \$1,000 damages for injury to health.

## NATIONAL DEBT STATEMENT.

Decrease for the Month Due to Advance Payments for Bonds.

The monthly debt statement issued Monday by the Secretary of the Treasury shows that on November 30, 1904, the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, amounted to \$370,882,010, a decrease for the month of \$31,744,552. This decrease, however, is altogether due to the receipt of gold in payment of new 1904 bonds not yet formally issued. Following is a recapitulation of the statement: Treasury debt, \$370,882,010; increase, during the month, \$4,100,170; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, \$1,820,980; decrease, \$1,850. Debt bearing no interest, \$383,120,504; increase, \$1,324,088. Total debt, \$1,650,351,598, of which \$608,457,749 is in certificates and Treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the Treasury. The cash in the Treasury is classified as follows: Gold, \$104,830,408, which is an increase for the month of \$36,730,574; silver, \$554,802,457; paper, \$1,077,257,744; bonds, \$1,077,257,744. Total, \$1,650,351,598. The burning of the bonds, \$1,077,257,744, 478. Total, \$793,140,108, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to \$848,632,558, leaving a cash balance of \$144,507,605, of which \$100,000,000 is gold reserve.

### REICHSSTAG IS OPENED.

New Building Is Formally Dedicated at Berlin.

The Reichstag was opened Wednesday at Berlin. The new Reichstag building was also formally dedicated. The Radicals are furious that the monarch did not go to Parliament, but that instead, his Majesty, the Kaiser, should have done so. This course, says the *Freisinnige Zeitung*, shows how modest a part parliamentarism holds in Germany. Emperor William, wearing a British uniform, visited the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in the morning, and they returned to the Reichstag in the afternoon. They then started for England. After the departure of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York Emperor William doctored a Prussian uniform and prepared to open the Reichstag. The session was opened at noon in the ritterstube of the castle, instead of in the usual white hall, which is being renovated.

### STOLE THE BUILDINGS.

Russian Settlers Carry Off Government Structures at Port Lincoln.

Indictments have been found against Russian farmers from Emmons on City, N. Y., for carrying off government buildings at Port Lincoln, five miles south of Mandan. Russian settlers have been stealing lumber and outbuildings for some time, making their visits mostly during the night, and all efforts to catch them have failed. During the last few weeks, however, they have grown bolder, and on Saturday a hundred men appeared with forty-five teams. Major Gooding, who has charge of the fort, protested, but the hoodlums drove him away with bricks and stones and demolished the buildings. Even the old structure of the garrison, which the soldiers have endeavored to preserve, was not spared. Deputy United States marshals arrested eight of the thieves and secured the names of forty others. Of the 117 buildings at the fort very few remain.

### CHINA TO PAY DEAR.

Can Escape Now with \$400,000,000 and Cession, but More Later.

According to press statements, if terms of peace between Japan and China be concluded now, Japan will accept an indemnity of 400,000,000 yen, to be paid in installments, with the cession to her of the territory which she occupies, but, in the event of the failure of the present peace negotiations, the demands upon China will be increased in proportion to the length of time during which operations shall be carried on. No armistice will be declared unless China agrees to pay the cost of the war and the faithful performance of her agreement.

### Romance in Real Life.

By losing his liberty two weeks ago for an alleged infringement of the Lakeside Directory Company's rights E. A. Hart, a clerk in the office of the United States marshal at Chicago, is now a prisoner. He had married a girl, but she had been married to another man. The discovery, while gratifying to E. A. Hart, his three brothers and his two sisters, is perplexing to his father, who had married again, believing he was free to do so. The girl, who now resides in Chicago, is his second wife and their little daughter, Mrs. Hart's No. 1, was a lunatic when she disappeared nine years ago. Unable to find her, her family gave her up as dead. What seemed like positive proof of her death was discovered a year after she was thought to be dead. She was remarried, her family scattered, and when she recovered her reason her mind was a blank on a portion of her life and she could remember but a portion of her name. She drifted to Evanston, where she has prospered. Reading in the daily papers that E. A. Hart had been indicted by the grand jury and arrested, she investigated and found her family.

### Sugar at Its Lowest Price.

Sugar sold in Philadelphia at the lowest price in the world's history Monday. Another cut of one-eighth of a cent per pound was made in refined sugar prices, which brought the card rate for granulated down to 44¢, and the actual net price received by refiners to 3.80 cents per pound. This is within one-eighth of the lowest price ever recorded, and when allowance is made for the 40 per cent duty on raw sugar, which is now necessarily a part of the cost of the product, the current rate on sugar is the lowest ever known. Notwithstanding the further price depression and the dullness of trade, the Franklin refinery, which has been closed down since Wednesday, resumed operations on a reduced scale. The McCann refinery was also said to be at work. Later in the day prices entered on the ninth consecutive week of idleness.

### Fortune-Teller Dend.

Mrs. John P. Crowe, known as Congresswoman Brookshire's "fortune teller," died at her home in Crawfordville, Ind. She was born in Lexington, Ky., seventy-three years ago, but has lived nearly half a century in Montgomery County. Her fame as a fortune teller has spread far and wide, and was all the more interesting because of her frequently verified ability to locate lost articles, divine the future and delve into occultism generally.

### Revolutionary Message by Kolb.

It. F. Kolb, who claims to be Governor of Alabama, completed a message to the Legislature, which he signs as Governor. The message is also addressed to the people of Alabama and is in many respects a revolutionary document, as it recommends that the people do not pay the taxes for a while. He further urges the Legislature to enact certain laws and advises his friends to organize clubs to assist in the general object of his appeal.

### Two Fatally Hurt by Dynamite.

The second terrible dynamite explosion in less than a month happened in the Flint Creek sewer at Huntington, Ind., Tuesday morning. Two men were fatally injured, while three others were so badly hurt they will not recover for some time.

### Probably Murdered.

The body of Capt. Peter Dooley was found buried under a pile of lumber. There was a cut in the head, and physicians express the belief that he had been murdered and then thrown into the water.

### To Star Cottonseed Oil.

Germany has taken the initial step toward curtailing the importation of south-

er American product in the proposition now before the Senate to increase the duty on cottonseed oil. The proposition is to increase the present duty, which is \$1, to \$2.50, equivalent to a duty of 250 per cent, and as the proposition is supported by the combined agricultural and protectionist industrial parties there can be little doubt that it will succeed. The subject is treated at length in a report to the State Department by United States Consul Merritt at Bremen. He says that in future cottonseed oil and oil nut seeds will pay a high duty. The raising of the duty is supported by the report that it is used for food purposes rose from 142,000 pounds in 1885 to over 900,000 pounds in 1893. By means of simple processes of refining, cottonseed oil can be turned into sweet oil and is used to a great extent in the manufacture of artificial butter and also for the conservation of fish.

### HILLMAN LOCKED UP.

He Is Captured After a Chase Extending All Over the Globe.

Among the Huachuca mountains, about forty miles from Tucson, Arizona, a man was arrested by the authorities. He has been looking for years. He is John Hillman, and his capture recalls one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of crime. In 1870 Hillman and two companions, one of them resembling him very closely, took a trip into the Huachuca mountains. The case was gone several weeks, and when Hillman and one companion returned, the man bearing a striking resemblance to him failed to accompany them. It seems that Hillman, who carried insurance on his life of \$50,000, while in the mountains devised a murderous scheme and killed two men. On his return he took the name of the man whom he had murdered, saying that Hillman had been accidentally shot and buried in the mountains. In due time Mrs. Hillman made a claim on the life insurance company in which Hillman had been insured for \$50,000. The insurance people became suspicious. The remains of the man whom Hillman had murdered were exhumed and it was then discovered that they were not the remains of Hillman. Mrs. Hillman instituted legal proceedings to recover the amount of the insurance. The case was carried from one court to another until finally she secured judgment for the principal, interest and attorneys' fees in the Supreme Court of the United States. During all this time the insurance companies kept detectives on the trail of Hillman, who had disappeared. At last, in 1904, he was captured. He was followed to Australia and other foreign countries, and a reward of \$15,000 was offered for his apprehension, dead or alive.

### PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

China Will Reject No Terms Except the Ceding of Manchuria.

Shanghai, advises say: Everywhere there is talk of peace, although it is certain it will not be formulated on the conditions offered by China. The latter, however, will clutch at any straw to prevent the victorious entry of the Japanese into Peking, except that she will not consent to the cession of Manchuria. It is expected that the peace will arise between Li Hung Chang and his successor, Lin Kun Yih, when the latter arrives at Pao-Ting-Fu to take over the vice regal seals. The Taung-Yamen faction here is at present opposed to the idea of making peace and Viceroy Li finds himself in a very awkward position. Great apprehension is felt concerning the landing point of the third Japanese army, which sailed from Hiroshima a little while ago. The Chinese officials along the coast are in a state of terror about this expedition.

### STEAL OF MILLIONS.

O'Rourke's Serious Charges Against New York Comptroller's Office.

The charge made by Matthew Jephson O'Rourke that \$15,000,000 worth of New York city bonds have been duplicated and that the Comptroller's office has kept the matter covered up for the last twenty-five years is in a fair way to be completely investigated. O'Rourke, who is a clerk in the office during the Tweed days. He is an old man now, and a vindictive, testy man at that; but a citizens' committee during the last six months has gone into his allegations and the mass of documents which he possesses, and is convinced that his story is a true one.

### Suicide of Robert Houston.

Financial embarrassment caused Robert Houston, ex-Sheriff of Will County, Ill., to take his own life. He was a member of the Council of the American Legion of Honor, an old soldier who lost a leg in the war of the rebellion and a man well known throughout the State, to commit suicide at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago Thursday.

### Five Lives Lost.

A dynamite explosion occurred in Hull, Quebec, Tuesday. Four men and a boy were killed and several were wounded. The men were working on the dynamite. The woodwork near by became ignited and while extinguishing the flames the men forgot about the deadly explosive until it was surrounded by flames.

### Used Carving Knife and Flatiron.

Henry Hull, of Elyria, Ohio, filed a sensational divorce suit, alleging that Mrs. Hull had assaulted him twice with a carving knife and had thrown iron at him frequently. He was struck and was prostrated for some time in consequence.

### Crooked Bankers Indicted.

Cyrus Newkirk, president of the defunct Sedalia, Mo., National Bank, has been indicted by the grand jury on nine counts for forgery and grand larceny.

### MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75@3.75; hogs, shipping grades, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.75@2.75; wheat, No. 2 red, \$5.50@5.50; corn, No. 2, 47¢@47¢; oats, No. 2, 24¢@24¢; butter, choice creamery, 24¢@24¢; eggs, fresh, 20¢@20¢; potatoes, cut lots, per bushel, 55¢@55¢. Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.50@3.50; hogs, choice light, \$4.50@4.50; common to prime, \$2.25@2.25; wheat, No. 2 red, \$5.50@5.50; corn, No. 1 white, 41¢@41¢; oats, No. 2 white, 39¢@39¢. St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00@3.00; hogs, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, \$2.50@2.50; wheat, No. 2 red, \$5.50@5.50; corn, No. 2, 47¢@47¢; oats, No. 2, 24¢@24¢. Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50@3.50; hogs, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, \$2.50@2.50; wheat, No. 2 red, \$5.50@5.50; corn, No. 2, 47¢@47¢; oats, No. 2, 24¢@24¢. Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50@2.50; hogs, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, \$2.50@2.50; wheat, No. 1 white, 41¢@41¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 43¢@43¢; oats, No. 2 white, 39¢@39¢. Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@55¢; corn, No. 2 mixed, 45¢@45¢; oats, No. 2 white, 39¢@39¢; rye, No. 2, 40¢@40¢. Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50@2.50; hogs, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, \$2.50@2.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 55¢@55¢; corn, No. 3 yellow, 40¢@40¢; oats, No. 2 white, 39¢@39¢. Milwaukee—Cattle, \$2.50@2.50; hogs, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, \$2.50@2.50; wheat, No. 1 white, 41¢@41¢; corn, No. 2 yellow, 43¢@43¢; oats, No. 2 white, 39¢@39¢. New York—Cattle, \$3.00@3.00; hogs, \$4.00@4.00; sheep, \$2.50@2.50; wheat, No. 2 red, \$5.50@5.50; corn, No. 2, 47¢@47¢; oats, No. 2, 24¢@24¢; butter, fancy, 24¢@24¢; eggs, Western, 20¢@20¢.

## AT TWILIGHT.

I stood at twilight by the shimmering lake, And watched the shadowy autumn-tinted leaves, Inverted, swaying in the evening breeze, And the red tower and the pretty boat-house make A picture that no future years can take. From out my memory, shadows such as these—

The beautiful unreal—make scenes In every earnest life; we dream and wake To nobler duties from such times of rest. Earth seems a paradise reflecting heaven; Love floods the soul with colors richer far.

Than even nature in the glowing west. The hopes of youth come back; new strength is given, As through the twilight breaks the evening star.

—[Sarah K. Bolton, in *Cleveland Leader*.]

## EPHRAIM'S PINCH.

BY REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

A little to one side of the track that leads to Widdicombe in the Moor and that branches from the main artery of travel which runs from Tavistock to Moreton Hampstead, and thence to Exeter, is an ancient tenement in the midst of the waste, called Runnag.

Runnag lies in a very lonesome spot; the hills that fold about it to the back and west afford sufficient shelter for sycamores to have grown to a considerable size—sycamore, the one tree which will hold its own anywhere.

The tenants of these holdings enjoy great right by custom. The heir of each and every one, on the death of each and every tenant, has by custom the privilege of enclosing eight acres of the forest or waste ground, paying therefor one shilling annually to the Crown and this enclosure is called a new-take. No wonder that the Duchy of Cornwall does all in its power to rid itself of these encroaching neighbors.

The new-take walls have wrought the destruction of the rude stone monuments; avenues of upright stones, circles, cromlechs, kistvaens, have been ruthlessly killed, used as quarries which have been handy. In a great many cases the largest upright stones have been seized upon as gateposts, or thrown across roads and rivers as bridges, or have been utilized to prop up inlaths, and the lesser stones that perhaps commemorated some insignificant tradesman, have been left, while the great menhir set up in honor of his chief has disappeared. Sometimes the builders of the new-take walls threw down a great manolith with the intention of breaking it up, and then abandoned it because they found smaller stones more handy; sometimes they transported such big stones part way to the new wall, and cast it down, it being too heavy for their arms, to convey any further. The marvel is that so much still remains after over a thousand years of wanton ravage.

Runnag tenement house is new. The ancient farm dwelling has been rebuilt in recent times, but at the time of our story the old dwelling was standing. It was a typical moor-house. A gateway in a high wall of rude granite blocks built up without mortar gave access to a courtyard paved, very small, into which all the windows of the house looked. Here also were the outhouses, stables, pigsties, the well house, the peat house, the saddle and farm implement houses. All opened inward, all could be reached with very little exposure.

The main door of the dwelling did not open into the kitchen, but into a sort of barn in which every sort of lumber was kept, with the fowls roosting on the lumber. This served as a workshop for the men on rainy or foggy days; here they could repair damaged tools, hammer out nails and rivets, store potatoes, nurse the sheep in "yearning time," prepare the rushes for thatching. Here at the end were heaped up high to the roof vast masses of dry bracken to serve as bedding, and in this, in bad weather, the children played hide and seek, and constructed themselves nests. At Runnag at one time lived the substantial tenant, Quintin Creeber, paying to the Crown a slight acknowledgment, and thriving on the produce of his sheep and kine and horses. He tilled little grain, grew no roots. There was always grass or hay for his beasts. If the snow lay on the ground deep, then only had he recourse to the hayrick. What little grain he grew was rye, and that was for the household bread.

Quintin Creeber had a daughter, Cecily, or, as she was always called, Syssy, a pretty girl of about seventeen. The time to be up to-day. Mo and Syssy, as ain't changed my minds, not one bit. Just the same, only us likes one another a thousand times dearer nor ever us did afore. Will you give her to me?" "Looky here, Ephraim. Carry this sack of rye on your back to Widdicombe mill, and bring it home fall of flour and I will."

He had set the man an impossible task. It was five miles to the mill, and the road a mountainous one. But he had put him off—that was all he cared for. In the room was Syssy. She had heard all. She came out; she saw Ephraim tying up the neck of the sack. "Help her up on my back, Syssy," said he. "Eph!—you do not mean it! You can't do it. It's too much!" "Carry this sack to Widdicombe mill, and bring'n back fall of flour, and you shall have her." "It was a joke," said he. "I don't understand a joke. He said it. He's a man of his word, straight up and down." Syssy held the sack up. But her heart misgave her. "Eph!," she said; "my father only said that because he knew you couldn't do it." "I can do it—when I see you before me." "How do you mean, Eph?" "Bring back the sack of flour, and you shall have her. Syssy, I'll carry the world on my back for that."

hair of his head he wore somewhat long, except only on two occasions when he had his hair mown by the blacksmith at Widdicombe; one of these was Christmas, the other midsummer. Then for a while he was short-cropped; but his hair grew rapidly again.

He was a quiet man who did not speak much, reserved with the farmer, and not seeking companionship at the nearest hamlet of Post Bridge, where was the tavern; the social heart of the region.

Ephraim was the youngest son of a small farmer at Walna, a house with a bit of land that had been parted off from Runnag tenement at some time in the tenth century. Walna could not maintain four men, beside the farmer and his wife, consequently the youngest, Ephraim, was obliged to seek work away from the parental house; and he had been employed repairing fallen walls and constructing new ones, till Quintin Creeber had engaged him as a laborer on his farm. Not for one moment had it occurred to the owner of Runnag that this might lead to results other than those of business between farmer and man—that it was possible Ephraim might aspire to Syssy, and his daughter might to love the laboring man.

It was quite true that in the matter of blood the Creebers and the Weekeses were equal, but a moor-man is too practical a man to consider blood; he looks to position, to money. The husband he had in his eye for his daughter was a man who had capital wherewith to develop the resources of the farm, to enlarge the new-takes, to break up fresh soil, to buy well bred horses, and double the number of oxen, and quadruple that of sheep kept on the farm and the moor over which he had free right of common. Quintin would have hesitated to take into his employ Killas, that is to say, Archelaus Weekes, the eldest son of his neighbor at Walna, a handsome fellow, with a long nose and a wide mouth, who loved to romp with the girls, who liked his gig at the tavern; but Ephraim was different. What girl would care for him, plain, slight, without wickedness, (i. e., mischief) in him, who never made or understood a joke?

Syssy was aged seventeen when Ephraim, a man of twenty-three, came into the service of Quintin Creeber. He served faithfully for seven years, and never gave the farmer cause to reproach him for inactivity, was ever docile, obliging and industrious. Such a man was not to be found elsewhere; such a combination of great strength, skill and sobriety. Creeber esteemed himself most lucky in having such a servant. Ephraim did more than two other men, and never asked for increase of wage, never grumbled at the tasks imposed upon him.

When seven years were over, then Syssy was twenty-four, and Ephraim was thirty. There had come some stir for the girl—among them the eldest son of the farmer Weekes, the light-hearted, handsome Killas. She had refused him. The young farmer of Hexworthy had sued for her, and had been rejected, greatly to the wonder of Quintin. Now, when the seven years were over, then Ephraim, in his wonted quiet, composed manner, said to the owner of Runnag: "Maister, me and you Syssy likes one another, and we reckon us'll make one. What sez you to that, Maister?"

Quintin stared, fell back in astonishment, and did not answer for three minutes; while he gave himself time for consideration. He did not want to lose a valuable servant. He had no thought of giving him his daughter. So he said: "Pshaw! you're both too young. Wait another seven years, and if you be in the mind then, you and she, speak of it again." Ephraim took Quintin at his word, without a remonstrance, without an attempt to persuade him to be more yielding.

He remained on another seven years. Then Syssy was aged thirty-one, and he—thirty-seven. On the very day fourteen years on which he had entered the house at Runnag, exactly when the seven years were concluded, at the end of which farmer Quintin had bid him speak of the matter again, then Ephraim went in quest of him, with the intent of again asking for Syssy. He had not wavered in his devotion to her. She had refused every suitor—for him. He found the old man in the outer barn or entrance to the house; he was filling a sack with rye.

"I say—Ephraim," he spoke, as Weekes entered; "there's the horse gone lame, and we be out of flour. What is to be done? Syssy tells me there ain't a crumb of flour more in the bin, and her wants to bake to one." "Maister," said Ephraim, "I've waited as you said this second seven years. The time be up to-day. Me and Syssy, us ain't changed my minds, not one bit. Just the same, only us likes one another a thousand times dearer nor ever us did afore. Will you give her to me?" "Looky here, Ephraim. Carry this sack of rye on your back to Widdicombe mill, and bring it home fall of flour and I will."

He had set the man an impossible task. It was five miles to the mill, and the road a mountainous one. But he had put him off—that was all he cared for. In the room was Syssy. She had heard all. She came out; she saw Ephraim tying up the neck of the sack. "Help her up on my back, Syssy," said he. "Eph!," she said; "my father only said that because he knew you couldn't do it." "I can do it—when I see you before me." "How do you mean, Eph?" "Bring back the sack of flour, and you shall have her. Syssy, I'll carry the world on my back for that."

He was strong, broad-shouldered, and he started with his burden.

Syssy watched him with doubt and unrest.

Was it possible that he could reach Widdicombe with such a burden? If he reached the mill, could he carry back the sack of flour? She watched him down the hill, and across the Wallbrook that gives its name Walna (now corrupted into Warner) to his father's farm. Then ensued an ascent, and she saw him toiling up the hill of Sousson's Moor with the sack on his back. Was there any avail in his undertaking this tremendous exertion? Surely her father, if he had intended to give his consent, would not have made it conditional on the discharge of such a task! Surely, if he had designed to make Ephraim his son-in-law, he would not have subjected him to such a strain! Was it not probable that Ephraim would do himself an injury in attempting this impossible task?

Syssy knew the resolution, the love of the silent, strong-hearted man; she felt assured that he would labor on under his burden, till up the steep slopes—struggle, with perspiration streaming, with panting lungs, and quivering muscles, up the great ridge of Hamledon—that he would pursue his purpose till nature gave way. And for what? She did not share his confidence in the good faith of her father. She watched Ephraim till the tears so clouded her eyes that she could see the patient, faithful man no longer.

Hours passed. The evening came on; and Quintin Creeber returned to the house. "Where is Ephraim?" he asked. "I want to have the mare blistered—she can't put a foot to the ground." "Ephraim is gone to Widdicombe," answered Syssy. "To Widdicombe? Who gave him leave?" "Father, you told him to carry the sack."

Old Creeber stood aghast. "To carry the sack? O ye!" "You told him he was to take that to the mill, and bring back flour." "It was nonsense. I never meant it. It was a put-down. He never did it. No man can. He'll chuck the sack down on the way and come back without it."

"He'll never do that, Father." "Quintin Creeber was much astonished. The man had taken him at his word. The more fool he. He had attempted the impossible. Well, there was this advantage. When Weekes returned without the flour or, ye, he, Quintin, would be able to laugh at him and say: 'You have not fulfilled the condition, therefore no Syssy for you.'"

Quintin Creeber walked out of his farm buildings and went to the Widdicombe road.

"Pshaw," said he, "the man is an ass. He couldn't do it. He should have known that, and not have attempted it." As he said these words to himself he discerned in the evening glow over Sousson's Moor a figure descending the path or road. "By gum!" said the farmer. "It is Ephraim. He's never done it; he has come back beat—turned halfway. How the chap staggers! By crack! he's down, he's fallen over a stone. The weight is too much for him descending. I swear, if I didn't know he were as temperate as—as—no one else on the moor, I'd say he were drunk, he reels so. There he is now at the bridge. Ha! he has set the sack down, and is leaning—his head on it. I reckon he's just about dead beat. The moor fool! He! He should ha' known I never meant it. What! he's coming on again. Up hill! That'll try him. Gum! a small goes faster. He has a halt every three steps. He daunt set down on his back again. There he is, down on one knee; kneeling to his prayers, be